

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

SKATING

Now people think that I can't skate.

Because I am too small.

But if they'd give me half a chance I'd fool them, one and all. My biggest brother writes his name Opon the ice real well. But I could do the same (I just knew how to spell.

THE ALARM CLOCK

THAT DIDN'T GO OFF

AESOP'S

GARRETT

RETOLD

MEWKIRK

NE autumn morning, just as the ig hickory, opened first one eye and hen the other.

He gave a jump when he saw how late it was, and, that he had overslept

He had never bought an alarm clock or he had always depended on Mr. Hed Head, a woodpecker neighbor, to wake him up just at daybreak. But, this particular morning Mr. Red Head failed to come as he had to stay at home and help Mrs. Red Head feed the five little Red Head bables who had taken the place of the five small eggs of the day before.

rattling drum-heat of the woodpecker's bill, failed to go off that merning. He was awfully put out about sleeping so late, as he had planned to do a big day's work, and here it was almost sunrise and he wast't even dressed! It was lucky he did not have a whole lot of clothes to put on and button up.

So Mr. Squirrel's alarm clock: the

Once down on the ground he sat off near the ground, so as not to waste crossed meekly over his white fur vest, half hidden in a clump of maiden-hair A quick glance around assured him ferns. Holding, and turning the morthere were no enemies in sight, so- sel in his hand-like paws, he nibbled

Moving in long, graceful leaps over his empty hands. ink glow in the West told of the dew-wet grass, he found a beauti- That mushroom certainly did taste another day Mr. Squirrel, in his ful, crisp, white mushroom, all rosy good, cool and dripping with last ecoing porch of dead leaves, pink on the under side. Biting this night's dew; but his appetite wasn't



Mr. Squirrel's Alarm Clock.

haunches, his little hands a bit of it, he ran up on a dead log, and nibbled, until nothing was left but

"What is the matter with my poor

"It is Number 7,893,436," muttered

"What is that, precious? Bless me,

if here isn't a tuft of hair that was

the still sleepy boy.

quite satisfied. So he ran up the nearest tree, climbed, like a slack wire

walker, way out on the tip end of a swaying, swinging branch, and secured a nut that was just ready to drop. Perching himself on a big limb, where he had a clear view all around, he finished his breakfast.

With his long, front teeth, he cut a neat little opening on one side of the nut and, with these same front teeth, got out every bit of the meat, better than you could have done with the very best of nut picks!

Now, with breakfast over, he was all ready for his day's work. What do you suppose that work

Well, winter was coming on before long, and something whispered to him that the things he loved to ent were hard to find on cold, rainy days, and when the ground was all under the snow; and that a real wise squirrel

would not forget to hide a whole lot



of nuts and acorns where he could

easily find them later.

hole among the grass roots, rolled in ing a nut here and an acorn yonder. On some still, cold winter morning, his nut, drew the earth quickly over the patted it down firmly with his get everything eatable under the paws—sat upright a moment to make ground just as quickly as possible—tain spot and begins to dig. Down and sure that none of the Blue Jay family and then to look just as unconcerned down he goes, until the coid, damp saw where he had buried it. He then as possible. How he manages to loground is reached, and up he pops, hopped away as unconcernedly as if cate these buried nuts when the holding in his paws a nut that he such a thing as hiding a nut had never ground is covered with snow is one of planted months ago! He never makes

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STORY OF THE ONE-EYED DOE.

Had lost her fawn and mate; Fearing to go in search of food, Hers was a woeful state.

At last she found a place of grass That looked on the open sea, Over a steep protecting ledge, With a land view wide and free.

She said, "the water front is safe With its rolling surf and fogs;

tree with nuts and acorns; besides, he New if he put up a little signboard had hidden quite a lot in a crack be- of some kind, or at least stuck a So whenever he saw a good, sound tween some rocks, plenty to last him broomstraw in the ground to mark the nut, the wormy ones he passed by with through the winter, but he didn't stop, place, all would be easy. But he did merely a sniff, he dug a little round but worked on, day after day plant-none of these things.

FASHIONS --- WHAT ARE THEY?

ONE-EYED doe by the hunt- I'll keep my eye to the landward side And watch for the men and dogs.

> Then a boatman coming near the shore With a high-strung bow let fly A well aimed shaft, that pierced her On the side of the blinded eye.

And so, on every side of life Tis well to be protected;

For injury is like to come From a quarter not suspected.

He had already the things Mr. Squirrel has never told a mistake—where he digs he gets a nut and that is all there is to it!

"Silly!" said Ruth. "Of course it

A Little Lost Boy In War Time

NE day last spring the little town of Rol-de-la-Somme, in France, OEY HIBBARD had laughed aloud thinking it must be a great deal of later was lying on the floor. He had was unexpectedly shelled by the was unexpectedly shelled by the Germans, and a Canadian chaphin describes the scene as he saw it. Life was going on as usual, mothers all was wild confusion, everyone seeking safety, mothers rushing wildly about searching for their children who told his mother. had been at play. Some found them-

Among the number who was not found was a little lad about eight years of the clown of the school. It seemed among them and ran with the others mother merely said: "Humph! drivers a few weeks later when com- anyone laugh." ing from Boulogne saw a little fellow, dry, half naked and lonely about looked funny. If he had falled to con-three miles from town. He seemed vince his mother that Tom looked he was the only child of his parents. Can you imagine the broken-hearted



He had not seen his mother since the day of the battle.

he wandered about among the troops for three months? The chaplain took hairs in my head," faitered Joey. him to the Chief of Police and they ere trying to hunt up Julien's mother, believe it, count them and see." The police wanted to keep him mean-

NUMBER 7,893,436

in school. Never before had he trouble to take over such little rolled out of bed, having been asleep done anything of the kind, and things. "What shall I do with it?" asked his folks couldn't understand why his folks couldn't understand why

the Shadow looked like little boy?" asked his mother, as she
were busy in the homes, children playways stood almost to the hundred, a Goblin now. Joey had never seen came into the room and parned on the ing on the streets. In a few moments should be guilty of such wrong-doing, a Goblin, but he was certain the light, all was wild confusion, everyone seek. "Tom Ansel was so fanny nobody Shadow looked like one." "I don't know," Joey replied, "Don't you want the hair? Don't

could keep from laughing." he had "What did Tom Ansel do?" his you miss it?"

mother asked. "He made a face-like this." And

playing football when the shells came he did the work imperfectly, for his One of the British car don't see anything about that to make Yet Joey knew that Tom Ansel had

lost, and he was. It was Julien De- funny he wondered how he should juscars. He told the chaplain that he had never seen his mother since he lowed. He had felt sufficiently diswas playing on the square that day; graced when the teacher had publicly rebuked him for laughing, thus offending his boylsh dignity. He was the mother hunting for the little lad while more indignant when Billy Upton at recess had shouted at the top of his "Joey Hibbard laughed out loud in school! Joey Hibbard laughed out loud in school!" Joey still felt that he was justified when he protested and shouted, "You had better quit that, Billy Upton." And when Billy had inquired, "Who will make me?" and Joey had responded, "I will," and when the taunt had been repeated and Joey had grappled with Billy and had his own hair severely pulled in the tussel that ensued, he had felt ag- Joey said, sieved because he had not made a "Does it hurt now?" better showing. He felt that he was only trying to maintain his dignity,

> Then something strange happened, whispered, Out of the dark corner of the room.

o'clock he could not sleep.

"Is this the hair Billy Upton pulled meekly he replied: the Shadow asked.

"Why, I don't know." faltered Joey. "It must be," mused the Shadow.
"It is Number 7,893,436." "I don't believe I have that many helped?"

"Oh, yes, you have, If you don't

time, but he got a firm grasp on the the matter. He looked at the Shadow, lin hanging about him and keeping chaplain's leg and emphatically de- and he looked at the hair with mild him awake. Who would want such clared that he was going to stay with curiosity, wondering why the scrip- a thing? It must have been that the "mon capitaine." He is staying; if ture said, as he remembered it did. Goblin understood, even though Joey his parents can be found he will be that the hairs of our head are num- did not reply, for he gradually faded seven. The colors of the rainbow are restored to them-if not the chaplain bered, and that not a hair falls from from view. As he did so, Joey felt our heads without the Father's notice, a yank on his head, and a moment

"Then why do you keep thinking about it?

"It isn't the hair, it's the hurt,"

as was right for him to do, and if his self a great deal of trouble over little mother could not understand why he things that you don't need and don't had faughed aloud in school, she would miss and that can't be helped." comcharge him with fighting, did she mented the Goblin. It was the thought out of bed." know. Joey was unhappy all the even- Joey had had about numbering the ing, and when he went to bed at 9 hairs, only now it had returned to him. "Tom Ansel did look funny," Joey Sel was so funny?"

arose a shadow bigger than any man, forget about it?" The Goblin turned my boy," shadow had an amiable smile his head sideways in the most comiupon its face, removing fear from cal manner and looked at Joey. But Joey's mind, as it held out a hair to Joey did not laugh aloud now. It The only real thing about it all was the

"And we will both forget about it?" "What's the good of remembering disagreeable things that can't be

"And you want me to go too?" This was a puzzler. Joey feared it would not be polite to say yes, though Joey didn't feel competent to argue he really didn't care to have the Gob-



"Mamma, will you forgive me for laughing out loud in school, Tom Au-

"Did you really laugh out loud in "Shall I throw the hair away and school? It must have been a dream,

Joey was wide awake now. If his mamma said so, maybe it was a dream. didn't seem that funny now. Very hair that his mother held in her hand. She kissed him, and he murmered drowsily; "Number 7,893,436."



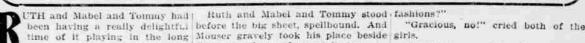
things are three;" but seven is also a remarkable, one might almost say, a mystic number. The little girl in Wordsworth's well-known poem said, "We Are The days of the week are seven. The notes of the musical scale are seven (the eighth one being the same as the first). There were said to be seven sages of Greece, and seven kings of Rome, and the city of Rome was built on seven hills. London city has seven hills also: Cornhill, Snow Hill, Ludgate Hill, Fish Street Hill. Bread Street Hill, Holborn Hill and

The world was made in seven days. There were seven famous cities of antiquity: Rome, Antioch, Nineveh, Babylon, Athens, Tyre, and Carthage. There are seven wonders of the world, that is of the ancient world, and these were: the Colossus of Rhodes (a huge statue striding across the entrance to the hapbor of Rhodes), the Pyramids, the Ephesian

There are also seven wonders of The children watched him as he Of course! What else could it be!" history. These are: the Colosseum, worked. It was most fascinating. Tommy thought for a while. Prestile Catacombs, the Great Wall of Piece by piece the poster was put on: ently he looked up. "What are fashkin, and the Mosque of St. Sophia at children could read it.

the world: Wireless, the Telephone, miss dressed in a flaring skirt, with X-Rays.

There are many passages in the sign.



time of it playing in the long Mouser gravely took his place beside girls, narrow side street, with its tall Tommy and stared up at it, too. "Well, it's something I wear, isn't wall that ran along one side. "What is a fashion show?" asked it?" insisted Tommy. And Mouser, too, Tommy's black cat, Tommy,

nd Mouser, too, Tommy's black cat, tommy.

Ruth laughed. "Don't you know?" is, but fashions, you see, are whether or not things you wear are in style. had been enjoying the frolic. a bucket of paste and a long-handled know what a fashion show is, Mabel!" fashion in shoes." Then both of them laughed. ing down the street and all play instantly ceased to watch

"Mee-yow!" cried Mouser. Perhaps Mabel. "My Mamma says so, and she "Seems to me you are making your"What shall I do with it?" asked the him. He stopped presently at a place he, also, was laughing, though surely ought to know because she bought it?" "I heard my Papa say that Mouser has lots of style-so is he fashions?" asked Tommy. Ruth threw up her hands in despair. "My, did you ever see such a stupid boy!" she exciaimed. "Listen, Tommy; that is a new hat you have on, isn't it? And you wore a different one last year, didn't you? Well, why did your Mamma buy that new one for you this year?" "Because the other was wore out-

and Mouser dragged it down in the coal bin and got it all dirty,"
"Mercy sakes!" cried Ruth. And Mabel echoed her cry.
"I could shake you, Tommy! Even

if Mouser hadn't soiled your old hat your Mamma would have bought you this new one-because the old one was no longer in style and this one is,"

Tommy grinned. "Oh no she wouldn't!" he declared. "My Papa said he ought to spank me for wearing out my old hat so soon. And he said if I wore this one out I would have to go bareheaded next year.

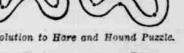
"Tommy," interrupted Ruth, in a despairing tone, "Don't you ever look at the fashions in a newspaper or any of the magazines your Mamma gets? Don't you see the pictures of the new kind of dresses and hats and shoes and coats people are going to wear?' Tommy shook his head.

"Say, Ruth," he asked presently, "I heard my Mamma say your Mamma was fashionable. Did she say that because your Mamma wears fash-

Ruth smiled proudly, "Of course." she replied. "My Mamma wears all the latest fashions and-"

"Huh!" cried Tommy, triumphantly. "Huh! She does, does she! Well I never saw her dressed in any pictures! I'd like to see her wearing pictures out of a magazinebody else in this cold weather! Now you think you know it all, don't you!" And Tommy laughed and laughed until-well, until Ruth, very angry, stamped her tiny foot, grabbed Mabel

great rage.





DIAMOND. My first is a consonant.

My second is a slippery fish. My faird is a tart fruit. My fourth is used in an open fire

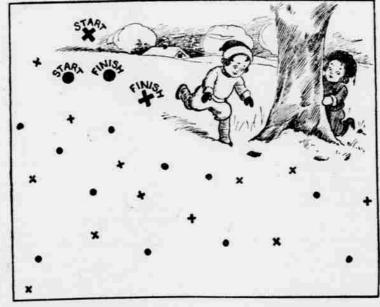
My fifth is a consonant. RIDDEN PIECES OF JEWELRY. Come, child, embrace Letty and A gale of wind blew at China's

causing much damage. To sny "The latch ain't fixed" is poor grammar.

The General commanded that the butch arm themselves against the A certain tower in Greece has stood

for centuries. Last week you could hear ringing in he midnight stillness, the New Year

Answers. DIAMOND: cet lemon



who is the hare. Tom has eluded Fred at every turn. See if you can show



HARE AND HOUND.

Tom and Fred are playing hare and hounds in the snow. The crosses the Aeroplane, Radium, Antiseptics a black-and-white-check band around him," insisted Mabel. indicate the tracks of Fred, who is the hound, and the dots those of Tom, and Antitoxins, Spectrum Analysis, the bottom of her skirt and a waist This time it was Ruth who thought how he did it by connecting separately, with a pencil the tracks of Fred and Bible in which the number seven is His work finished, the man picked fashions are what you wear." HIBDEN PIECES OF JEWELRY: those of Tom, beginning at the points marked, start and ending at those mentioned, and it is on this account up his tools, lighted his pipe and went Brucelet, Watch, Chain, Charm, Ring, marked finish. But the two trails must not once cross each other or them- and the facts mentioned above that on down the street seeking another got a red finish. But the two trails must not once cross each other or them-



"What is a fashion show?" asked Tommy

of which are now in the British Mu- brush into the bucket, sloshed paste you know, seum), the hanging Gardens of Baby- on the smooth surface of the wall Tommy repeated his question lon, the Statue of Jupiter and the and, unwinding his rolls, put up a huge poster, section by section,

China, Stonehenge, the Leaning Tower and it wasn't until the last plece had ions?" he asked. of Pisa, the Porcelain Tower of Nan- been fitted snugly into place that the Then they recognized the words ered.

Here are the seven new wonders of "Fashion Show" just behind a dainty of the same amazing color and de- a while before replying. "Well," she

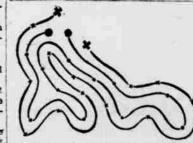
Seven is considered a sacred number, place on which to paste a poster.

temple of Diana, the Mausoleum (or in the wall which seemed to suit his he couldn't have known, for they tomb of King Mausolus, the remains purpose and, dipping his long-handled don't have fashion shows in Catland, "Well," replied Ruth, "a fashion show is where they show fashions. by the arm and walked away in a

> Mabel looked at Ruth and Ruth looked at Mabel. Both of them snick-

"You tell him," said Ruth "Oh, no, you go ahead and tell

said finally, "Fashions are are-"Huh!" exclaimed Tommy. "I've my Mamma makes me wear-is that



Solution to Hare and Hound Puzzle